

PineLake hash house harriers

Holder of the HashShit: Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie

Call the Hareline @ (404) 377-2888 ... I did it, and it made me millions!



Your 2002-2003 Mismanijmnt

| | |
|----------------|------------------------|
| Grand Master: | Sky Pilot |
| Grand Damn: | Down Under |
| Joint Master: | Dr. Doo Doo |
| and Mattress: | Size Doesn't Matter |
| Hash Cash: | Yoron Weed |
| | Just My Size |
| Hareline: | Rogue Anus |
| Haberdashery: | Bickering Prick Picker |
| Bier Meisters: | Fish Dicks |
| | Square Meat |
| Master Scribe: | Stretched Hole |

The Following is a Paid Political Announcement from your Mismuddledment

- ☞ **CALLING ALL HARES:** **Rogue Anus** needs you ... he just won't admit it. Call him day or night at 404-584-6742 to sign up for a hash. Okie Pokie Chicken Chokie recommends using a co-hare.
- ☞ **HASH TRASH:** It's a sad, sad day when I have to come out retirement to write the trash. Talk to **Stretched Hole** at the hash (when he's there) or annoy him at home (404-874-4708) and he'll gladly let you fill in for him in this highly paid job.

Run # 796 **June 8, 2002**
Venue: **East-West Connector,**
 up Smyrna way

Big Cheese: **Niplets**

Nibbling rats: Shiggy Pitts, Pissticide, Rat's Ass, Butt Floss, Bickering Prick Picker, Tail Gunner, Little Easy, Dr. Doo Doo, Kaptain Krash, Stink or Swim, Afterbirth, Sleazy Rider, Size Doesn't Matter, Redneck Mutha, Rock Hudson, Dangling Partisnipple, EZ Cheeks, Fishdicks, Melissa (1x)

The Tale of Sir Robin:

"Please ... I'm beggin' ya! I need validation that I'm a good little doggy, and that my trail was good. Please, write the trash?"

If I had been wearing my red dress (you know, the backless number), I would have considered his request nothing more than a come-on. But, if I won't wear a red dress to the annual AH4 slutfest, why would I wear one to PineLake? Besides, I had just worn it the night before, and two days in a row is just plain tacky.

But I digress.

On a splendid Saturday afternoon, the PineLake faithful (and a lone virgin) descended upon an industrial park off South Cobb Drive and the East-West Connector. The pack was scant, but that

was to be expected, considering the

aforementioned AH4 über-hash (one day, **Niplets** is gonna get his Green Pantsuit Hash organized, and lookout, Atlanta!).

After a brief and confusing instructional video about nanobots and their role in hashing, our solo hare was off, around the side of the building, ne'er to be seen again. Well, until the end, that is. **Stink or Swim** took the time our live hare needed to create new hash marks ... funny how they all seemed to look the same. **BN** now resembled ●■, which of course made things so much easier for the virgin.

So after the allotted 4 minutes 53 seconds, we were off, and immediately encountered a check that fooled no one. "To the railroad tracks, old chum!" **Shiggy Pitts** exclaimed to whoever would listen. Another check at the tracks ... hmmm, which way did he go, George, which way did he go? **Little Easy** headed east(?) while I guarded the check with my life.

Damn squirrels.

Little Easy was On-On, but he quickly overran the little jook to the right into the woods and down to Nickajack Creek. "Good thing I changed into my old shoes," proclaimed our virgin. Little did she know she would be saying that a lot on this trail. So, onto the easement on the other side we went, as deja doodoo set in for me. Aye lad, this was the same territory that **John Queere** and I had used earlier this year.

Sure enough, we hit another check at the base of a monster hill ... one I was quite familiar with, natch. **Redneck Mutha** found flour up the hill and the pack dutifully followed. I, on the other hand, had a snare

in mind ... ok, I really just didn't want to climb that damn hill again. So I stayed low, running along the easement next to Nickajack. Lo and behold! I spy with my corrective lenses something white and powdery. It is only then that I actually thought I could snare that wily Nipple-boy. Unless he pre-laid that part. Naaaahhhh!

So, off I go all by my lonesome, running willy nilly, trying to catch me a hare. Never happened. Hit another wicked check, finally found trail up another big-ass hill, and ended up at the school over by Nickajack Park. And the trail disappeared.

Damn squirrels.

After 20 minutes, the entire pack shows up and promptly find true trail, no problem. I gotta stop smokin' crack while hashing. From there, it was basically in the creek for a few miles until we On-In'ed at the Nippled One's brother's new house, where we drank like fish and feasted like kings on a multitude of orange food.

Down-downs were a-plenty, but only a few were noted on the sheet. So by the powers vested in me by the state of Inebriation, I shall take my literary license and drive it roughshod to the end of this debacle. **Shiggy Pitts** fell in the creek and thereby was allowed to give us a demonstration down-down; our virgin boldly followed; **Bick Prick** was apparently a racist; as was **Stink or Swim**, who actually short-cutted during the race; **Kaptain Krash** drank for allowing such tomfoolery; **Dr. Doo Doo** and **Sleazy Rider** paid the price for being DFL; **EZ Cheeks** and **Size Doesn't Matter** bimboed; and the hare, of course. Scribe: **Rat's Arse**